

Underneath all that Skin, Were Just Beasts in the End

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by [UnknownMusing](#)

Summary

Prime Alpha: A rare form of Alpha, which possesses the ability to communicate by a mark on their wrist shaped in either shape – diamond, rectangle, square – depending how many mates that the shape represents or a tattoo in the shape of a tree, flowers or ferns; can communicate with this Mark, telepathically with the other mate/mates; can cause them pain, by pressing down on a certain part of the Mark shape/tattoo to stop them from doing anything threatening or advancing on one of the other Mates, when they are not ready;

They were considered a threat to society and because they were known for the occasional violent Rutting – which occurred when they chose to mate – they were culled as to stop it, leaving behind only the normal Omega and Alpha.

Their scent, also can affect Omegas who have not been bonded.

Prime Omega – This another rare breed. Mostly keep to themselves and prefer to be in the company of Betas, who they can sympathize with. Heats last longer and can usually result in them producing an addicting scent which Prime Alpha's and even Normal Alphas cannot avoid.

Prologue

Snow is falling, spiraling down onto the surface of the frozen river and coating it in a soft blanket as they keep their eyes closed, listening to the wind going through the branches of the barren, skeletal trees; the creatures of the night, burrowing through it to try and find food and soon hear what they are listening out for.

Opening their eyes, they see the “**Omega**” padding on all fours towards them and came up to them then lowering themselves down onto my hands and knees, pad around them as they do the same in the soft snow.

Both, stare at each other and padding closer to them, inhale deeply their scent – while they do the same to the “**Alpha**” then fully place their body up against mine, nuzzling against their soon to be mate’s cheek, with a quiver running through them and they hear them gasp softly. “Prime Alpha.”

They gasp out, breathlessly and turning their face look straight into the **Alpha’s** eyes then lunge at them, causing both to roll in the snow, until the Alpha manages to flip them onto their back, their body between their open thighs.

“**Prime Omega**” They purr out, bending my head down as the in the far distance the chorus of Wolves howling begins as they sense the beginning of a “Mating Ritual” as keening wails and growling, echo in the frosty night air of the large forest near the outskirts of Wolf Trap, Virginia.

10 YEARS LATER

Location: Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane

Jarin’s P.O.V:

“Jesus Christ!!? Someone get the Medic. That is the 18th Omega, been affected again.”

“Seriously!!? I’m new here and you’ve had 18 Omegas, been affected by this unknown scent”

“Yep, come on. Help me with this.”

They walk me out of the back entrance to the Baltimore State Hospital, while I hear those words before the solid door closes behind me then looking down the stairs, see standing near the Escort van is an old friend of mine and the oldest Alpha in the F.B.I – Detective Jack Crawford of the F.B.I. Behavioral Unit.

I’m lead down to him, the handcuffs chains on my ankles and wrists clinking slightly in the process and see he is trying to keep a calm composure at the fact I had been locked up for...a

Crime, which people were still trying to understand.

No-one knew though, what I really was under the surface and it would stay that way until I found my ***“Mates”*** because I was the last of my kind.

I wasn't Omega or Beta or even Alpha.

No, I was the rare kind – which had been culled right up onto the 20th Century – and that was ***“Prime Alpha”*** – a species, considered so dangerous that even the “Ruts” were violent and more savage than gentle.

A scent hits my nostrils, causing me to stiffen when it wafts through the gaps in the clear plastic mask that covers the lower half of my face and recognizing it, turn my face immediately making Dr. Chilton, stumble backwards at the look I give.

His stick, clattering to the ground.

Meeting Hannibal Lecter

Jarin's P.O.V:

The building of the F.B.I Behavioral Unit Headquarters, which brings back many memories of working there is welcoming sight as I'm brought out of the Escort van by the orderlies. It not changed at all.

Still the same faded brickwork, with ivy crawling up one side of the walls and reaching my hands up, take the plastic mask off myself as the straps had been loosened by one of the orderlies than allow the straitjacket to fall onto the gravel of the car park.

I stretch like a cat, arching it's back after a very deep sleep with my hands above my head, while cracking my neck side to side for the satisfying pop of air in my bones then lowering them slowly back down when I'm done.

Jack, is watching with amusement and the fact I was making even the orderlies embarrassed by the groaning of releasing the tension in my body then begin to walk to the double glass doors, which swing open to reveal the polished corridors.

The high heeled men boots - because I had changed my shoes in the Gent's, chucking the other one's given to me from Baltimore State Hospital in the bin - echo of the polished floor of the corridor.

Passing faces of some old and some new, which makes me see that a lot has changed since I've gone and come to Jack's office, stopping when the door opens to reveal Will Graham.

Both of us are not surprised to see one another at all, because we were both firmly attuned to eachother - him being an Omega, thinking I was a Beta - and steps out the way, heading off to his lecture as my nostrils are soon filled with scent of a very thoroughbred Alpha.

The man with slicked back blonde hair, maroon eyes and distinct face - which looks like it could of been sculpted by a Greek artist - is standing having a look at a map that has pictures pinned to it of Five girls - which had all gone missing when I had been to some people elsewhere or on Holiday - then he stills, standing up with his back straightening up.

He turns fully around to see, who has come in and that is when the mark on my arm chooses to throb so intensely it is blinding as I move a hand to squeeze it to stop the pain.

He watches with curiosity at the action of it and comes up to me, causing me to quickly move over to the map myself to have a look to distract him.

"Sorry, Ex-Military wound still twinges on bad days." I say, knowing it is a lie and it was actually the fact I was meeting one of my "Mates" for the first time.

"Hannibal Lecter." He says, introducing himself to me and holding out his hand to shake, which I do so then he leans closer to me, scenting my neck like every Alpha did when they met either a "Beta" or "Omega" in their life.

I keep myself still, resisting the urge to bare my fangs at him and he pulls back with maroon eyes flicking up to look at me then thankfully Jack, comes in to distract him from going any further with me.

But I think what would have happened if Jack, hadn't appeared.

Among the Hidden Desires We have for Each Other, We Find Each Other Again

Chapter Summary

Author Notes:

Me: Enjoy this real gem I have written with the scenes thankfully inspired by listening to my "Musing Again" folder on my Youtube Channel where I found some really good Hannigram Music Videos.

Hannibal: (Comes up behind an Author, wrapping arms around their waist) Missed me?

Me: Maybe...Hannibal. Enjoy the chapter, folks. (Walks off and keeping an eye on one's spleen)

Hannibal's P.O.V:

Jarin Thorne, had first been adamant in coming to my house for Dinner and yet, changed his mind for some reason when I said it might help relax.

So, we could get to know each other better and understand about his friend Will Graham.

"Thank you." He says, allowing for his Cajun accent to slip more from him as I pour some more wine into his glass, while the both of us sit on the large chaise lounge in the sitting room.

Both of our thighs, are so close that any closer and they would be touching then he turns his gaze to look at me, beautiful eyes of stunning lilac – which seems to swirl like mist rising from the ground on a Winter's day – and gulps slightly.

This action causes his Adam's apple to bob slightly in his throat and leaning closer to him, bend down his neck to inhale deeply a mixture of scents on him – *the shower shampoo; fake "Beta" perfume and underneath it, the faint ting of it his own natural scent* – then feeling bolder, fully press my lips against his throat and bring my hand up to entangle it into his hair – soft, fine and long enough to pull his head back for me to expose his throat more.

A breathless gasp escapes him, followed by him quivering against me and starting to purr in a certain way that is usually associated with an "*Alpha*" in alcohol-fueled pleasure.

He presses more into me, arching his back slightly and pushing him backwards get between his thighs – which he spreads open for me – then begin to trail my lips up and down his neck.

His hands close to my waist unclench and clench on the soft fabric of the chaise lounge and seem to want to hold me. Yet, he seems to be thinking should he do it or should he not.

Moving away from his neck, I kiss my way downwards to his lower half looking at the bulge

in the confines of his black leather trousers then unbuckling his belt, un-pop the button and pull the zip down to allow his musky scent to fill my nostrils.

Flicking my eyes up to him, I see he has his head laid to one side on the creamy cushions and looking flushed from the alcohol in system – a rosy hue covering his cheeks – as well as an evident arousal in his body then his hand comes up, taking hold of the back of my head to push downwards into his groin area.

“Haa...Just...do...it. Make me...cum.” He gasps out, huskily with a deep “*Alpha voice*” and smirking at him, pull his leather trousers down along with his boxers then bend my head downwards, hearing a breathless gasp of my name come from him.

“Hannibal!!?”

Francis Dolerhyde’s P.O.V:

“Uhhhh.....No...Stop, please...UHHHHH!!!”

“Good little Omega...That’s it...Clench your tight thighs around this Alpha cock.”

Afterwards, when they finally release me and their knot goes down, allowing me to collapse on top of the bed cover with my body still trembling from the aftereffects of what had transpired with the “*Alpha*” who I can hear walking about as they pick up their clothes from the bedroom floor of the bed-chambers, hear them muttering under their breath.

“Bloody, waste of time trying to breed you, if you don’t except an Alpha’s seed.”

I try to move, only to bite my bottom lip at the pain which radiates from lower half through my spine to where.... I don’t want to think about it....and just lay there, with the release trickling down the side of my thigh along with some slick and blood.

How long have I been here in this...mansion belonging to the Verger’s?

It feels like...what happened between me and Jarin only happened a couple of nights ago.

How long...will you keep me here, Mason Verger?

Jarin, if only you were here for me.

Jarin.

Jarin’s P.O.V:

“Jarin” A ghost like whisper of my name, causes me to shoot my eyes wide open and stare up at the ceiling of Hannibal’s large bedroom with feeling that have dug my claws into where my **“Tattoo”** is and drawn blood, which is starting to trickle down the sides of my arm.

I manage to sheathe them, pulling my hand away from it and bringing my arm up begin to lap up the blood small blood stream running down my arm allowing for my saliva to heal the small claw marks then lowering it back down, know it deep down it had been Francis through the **“Bond”** that we shared.

Oh, god!!? Francis, if only I could I reach back to you.

Where are you, my Great Red Dragon?

Who has you captive in a gilded cage, which you can’t escape from? Who?

Turning my head on the pillow, I look at where Hannibal, is sleeping with his hand curled in front of his face on the one of the pillows then swinging my legs out from underneath the cover, I place my feet on the carpet.

Sighing shakily, I bring my hands up to my face and drag them down it then getting up, head into the bathroom stopping at the open doorway to look back one more time at the sleeping **“Alpha”** with a soft smile at the sight of him just laying with a strand of his blondish hair falling in front of his face.

He looks so peaceful in his sleep, like nothing could disturb of it. I step into the bathroom, going over to the sink and filling it water then bending my face down, splash water in my face to get rid of the sweat – which coats it – and lifting it, stare at myself in the mirror.

The smashing noise, followed by tinkling glass falling into the bathroom sink disturbs him from his sleep and he shoots up, staring at me standing there with a clenched fist at my side – blood dripping from knuckles; claws unsheathed and ears now more pointed and fangs showing slightly – then breathing softly in and out, manage to relax my body enough for the tension to seep out of it.

“Sorry.... I don’t what overcame me, Hannibal. I usually have more self-control over myself.” I say, while he comes up to me and takes hold of my hand inspecting the bloodied knuckles then brings my hand up to his mouth.

His tongue flicks out of his beautiful lips, with the cupid bow above them and begins to lap up the blood – allowing for his **“Alpha”** saliva to heal it because of the **“Bond”** we had consummated last night – as I watch him, silently then his maroon eyes flick up to me, with such a look I grab hold of him and whirling him around, grab his throat with one clawed hand.

I push him down onto his hands and knees, forcing him to submit to the “Prime Alpha” – the inferior species above a normal **“Alpha”** and **“Omega”** – as he presents himself to me with his legs parting more apart as I place my hands on his ass-cheeks parting them.

I gulp down saliva, that is building up in my throat and with a growl of passiveness rising within me to protect all three of my **“Mate’s”** starting with him, I shove my hips forward causing him to give a keening wail, his back arching with such force – it shows the muscles in his body shifting, along with his spine showing – then still holding his hips, begin to shove mine back and forth at a fast pace into them.

Hannibal’s P.O.V:

The pain, the excruciating pain and pleasure mixed with what he is doing to me, with him shoving his... **“Prime Alpha”** cock in and out of me at such an intense, brutal pace causes keening wails to come from me – that are more animal like than human – as he pounds into me from behind.

Feeling a **“Prime Alpha”** inside my own **“Alpha”** body is nothing like I ever felt before, seeing as I lift my head slightly that the wardrobe mirror has been moved a certain way so it shows the reflection of him behind me and me, on my hands and knees then a clawed hand comes up, grabbing hold of my head by my hair and wrenching it backwards slightly to expose my throat more.

He goes harder, faster with each thrust within me sending a spiderweb of blossoming ecstasy through me with the movements jolting my body back and forth then I tense, clenching my thighs around him with a shudder running through me as I shoot one hand backwards to grip one of his hips tightly with my claws digging into it for support.

“Uhhhh.....Oh, oh...God.... Jarin, I can’t. Please stop. Please.”

“Haa.... I’m sorry, but I can’t. Forgive...me.”

It soon happens, followed by blinding with agonizing pleasure going right through my whole body as I feel his knot swelling within me and he brings me up flush against his chest with my back against it still within me.

My head tilts backwards, resting on his shoulder with my chest rising and falling heavily with the fact I have a **“Prime Alpha”** knot inside me as he brings my hand up to hold my throat then begins to move again, jerking his hips back and forth into mine.

My eyelids flutter, followed by me bringing my hand up to hold the back of his head – sifting my hand through his hair – and licking my lips to moisten them, feeling myself shudder as well when I cum harder than ever with pearly ropes splattering onto the tiled floor of my bathroom, while my own knot aches to be in an **“Omega”** as well – especially the **“Omega”** Will Graham.

(TIME SKIP)

Afterwards, now driving to work and him heading in the other direction to the F.B.I Headquarters, I come to office then park in the spot, always reserved for the car.

Cutting the engine, I unclip the seat-belt and sitting back in the driver's seat can still feel the ghostly sensation of Jarin -*holding me, touching me afterwards where he had released within me, fingering me until I had cummed onto his chest and followed by him allowing me to suck his.... cock and swallow down his thick, creamy seed.*

Coming out of the memories of our "Mating" from last night and the early hours of the morning, I step out the car with the sounds of the city filling my ears then close the Driver's door behind me, seeing standing at the steps that lead to the door is.... *Margo Verger!!?*

I'm surprised to see her, especially since we had both promised each other not to see one another after.... *that incident at Verger Mansion, with her brother Mason Verger.....*and sighing softly, walk up to the door stepping out of her way when she goes to reach for my arm.

I head up the steps, going inside and heading to my office, where outside sitting on the seats outside the main door to it....is *Will Graham!!?*.... looking pale; body shaking and the smell of what could only be the.... beginnings of a full-blown "Heat" starting within his body.

I go over to him, hauling him up and heading out with him to my car – where with growling at him in my "**Alpha voice**" manage to get him into the passenger seat, clipping the belt around him – then closing the passenger, quickly go around to the Driver's side.

Inside, I reach over to squeeze his shoulder to reassure everything is going to be alright and I'm here...for him as he shivers, followed a fresh smell of slick wafting up my nostrils.

This was no ordinary "**Heat**" and hear him whimpering at me to just pull over somewhere secluded when we get out of the town to the outskirts with his "Omega voice" that I must reach for his neck, pressing on the pressure point that will put him to sleep for wee while then return my attention back to road, trying deep down to deny the ache between my thighs.

Will Graham's P.O.V:

Hannibal Lecter – the "**Alpha**" – who I had met in Jack's office, helps me into my house and turning my face, I stare into his maroon eyes then rest my forehead against his to breathe in his scent – a mixture of forest pine, fresh mountain dew and crisp snow – and feel it relax me for now.

I'm aching with moist, wetness of my slick – that is gushing down the inside of my thighs – and I'm glad he is taking me upstairs to the other bedroom so we don't disturb the dogs then inside the bedroom, he holds me, watching my chest rise and fall heavily under my already sweat-soaked shirt.

"Haa.....Could you help me out of my clothes, please?" I ask him, panting weakly with my rational side screaming at me not to give in and yet, I needed this.

Needed him.

He helps me, stripping of the soaked clothes and placing them over his arm, heads downstairs with them leaving me alone in the bedroom as I crawl onto the bed, pulling the duvet cover around sorting it into a **“Nest”** grabbing more pillows to place in it to rest my head on it.

I hear him coming back up, his own clothes falling to the floor with the mattress soon dipping with his weight as he clambers into the makeshift **“Nest”** soon snuggling up against my back.

He is warm, making me purr softly at him and turning my face nuzzle against his nose then he moves, getting over me on his hands and knees then kisses my shoulder, lightly followed by him trailing his lips to my scent gland – where he takes in deep, shuddering exhale of my scent – and trails them further downwards.

He stills suddenly, only to grunt again and again with little whimpers then hear him panting breathlessly, making me roll onto my back to see he is touching himself – his hand moving up and down his already leaking shaft that is becoming slicker with pearls of pre-cum running down it – and moving myself, I place my hands on his hips.

Hannibal’s P.O.V:

Will holds my hips, massaging circles into them with his hands while I now lay on the mound of pillows in the makeshift **“Nest”** with his head bobbing between my quivering thighs as I lay my head to one side on one of the pillows.

I slide my hand down to sift it gently through his hair, while the other I cup his jaw - stroking his cheek lightly with my thumb – with breathless gasps coming from me. I bring my legs up, slightly and begin to rock my hips slowly into his warm, moist mouth then he pulls off my shaft, straddling me with slick coating both our lower half’s.

He lifts himself up, taking hold of my...cock...in his hand and lowering himself on it with a hitched gasp, followed by me arching my own back slightly then hunch into his chest with labored gasp at becoming fully sheathed inside him – his warm, moistness with slick spreading more onto my thighs.

I wrap my arms around him, holding him close to me with my heart thudding against my ribcage – because this is my first ever time, being with an “Omega” in their most fertile **“Heat”** – and quivering lift my head to look up into his blueish green eyes then feel him bend his head down to nuzzle against his nose against mine, mouth opening to reveal beautiful **“Omega”** fangs and a soft whisper of my name.

Both us begin to set a pace, with him moving his hips up and down in a gentle figure of eight, while I push up in sync with his thrusts holding the back of his head with one hand – sifting it through his curly locks – and the other resting on his back.

It is a gentle **“Mating Ritual”** between us and I feel glad, I’m not in a full-on **“Rut”** – *where from previous experiences I had lost control of myself, hence why the crimes of the Chesapeake Ripper happened because of it so I could distract myself from taking an*

“Omega” to chase; mate and breed with – then tilting my head backwards, suddenly find myself jerking my hips up and down with grunts breaking the silence of the spare bedroom.

I’m so close, the pressure building along with my knot within him and gripping him tightly lay back down on the mound of pillows with both my hands sliding down to grip his hips to encourage him to keep on moving over me – riding me – then trembling, hair falling in front of my eyes with sweat running down my body in thick rivulets.

“Haa.... Will...I’m going to...cum. I’m...going to cum.”

“I...haa...know, Hannibal. I’m as well. Cum and knot inside me.”

“Mano Meile, Will. I.... love you.”

It soon happens, causing us both to arch in mirror sync and finding myself digging my claws into his hips with bruising strength – knowing I would have to sort it in the morning – give a keening wail of pleasure of his name as he does the same with mine.

“WILL!!?”

“HANNIBAL!!?”

The shattering, intense orgasms surges through the both of us causing tears to form in my eyes to run down my cheeks and pulling him down flush against my chest surge forwards with my fangs biting straight down into his scent gland to consummate the **“Bond”** as he does the same to mine then I’m cumming harder than ever with my knot locking inside him with both of us shuddering in the makeshift **“Nest”** followed by both of us letting go each other shoulders – where blood is starting to trickle down mine.

He lifts his head, noticing I am trembling more than he is and give another tremble underneath him, followed by me releasing another gush of liquid warmth into him then both of us collapse - with the only sounds now in a spare bedroom - our labored breathing; hearts pounding against rib-cages and the smell of a most, emotional and intense **“Mating Ritual”** – and lay there waiting to get our breath’s back.

I’m soaking in sweat, just like him and letting go of his hips allow my hands to fall loosely at my sides then lay my head to one side, bringing one hand up to grip the duvet cover for support wincing as my knot soon goes down and allows him to move away, only to choose to lay next to me with his head settling on my chest.

“How do you feel? I...” I begin to say, only to gulp down the saliva building in my throat and go to continue when he shushes me by placing a finger on my lips.

“Don’t talk. I’ll be in **“Heat”** again soon and....it may take a couple of days of you staying here with me.” He replies, making me nod in reply and settling more down allow him to curl into me as both of us fall asleep so were well prepared for what happens.

Will Graham's P.O.V:

"Uhhhh.... Oh, oh, oh.....Harder, Hannibal.... Harder."

"Fuck!!?... Oh, Will...." He grunts behind, swearing for the first time – well the first time I hear it – and continues to undulate his hips back and forth into mine from behind while I'm up on my hands and knees in the normal **"Mating pose for Omegas"** at a certain, intense pace with him sliding a hand to the back of my head.

He grabs hold of the back of it by my hair, pulling it backwards to expose my neck so hard it bends my spine more and causes me to spread my legs more widely apart then he begins to move again.

But this time, it is harder like I asked followed by squelching due to my slick – gushing more down the inside of my thighs – and how it feels pleasurable with him going deeper within me then just as his knot forms, he pulls out of me.

Soon bending down to scent me with his nose trailing near my Scent gland.

"Sorry, it's just...your scent has changed. I think, you need to check with one of the **"Omega"** pregnancy testing kits, I placed in your bathroom cabinet in case something like this happened." He whispers, with happiness in his voice that I had successfully conceived his **"Pup"** or **"Kit"** and turns me over, soon kissing me on the lips.

I kiss him back, smiling softly in the kiss and reaching into the bedside cabinet pull out the one's he is talking about then getting out a strip, slide of the bed and head to the bathroom – keeping the door open so he can watch me. "Do want the good news?" I ask him, looking at the double pink strip – which meant in a **"Omega pregnancy testing kit"** that one had conceived – and he nods in reply then continue.

"You're a.... Father."

Never had I seen Hannibal, so emotional and when he comes over grabbing hold of me to lift me up, I look down at him cupping both his cheeks to hold as his maroon eyes sparkle with unshed tears of happiness; joy and comfort he was getting a family with me.

Jarin's P.O.V:

Happiness, joy and something else is surging through the "Bond" tattoo on my wrist from a far distance in the other place as I sit on the windowsill of a window in – Florence, Italy – with one leg up on it, while the other is on the floor.

I know I shouldn't have left Hannibal and Will, along with Jack – who had insisted that I should stay and yet, he back down when I told him the reason was I needed some time alone – then know what I'm feeling is that Will, has managed to conceive with his first ever fertile **"Heat"** and Hannibal had mated with him.

The apartment door, opening makes me turn my gaze from the view of the glittering city at night to see Francis Dolerhyde – my “**Prime Omega**” - being led inside by Margo Verger then he lifts his face to suddenly stiffen in shock as he recognizes me.

He walks up to me, falling into my chest and sliding down the wall, below the windowsill with me holding him close to me as he softly whimpers at the fact were both back together.

I kiss his forehead, cheeks and eyelids followed by brushing my lips tentatively against his to test my reaction – feeling them quiver against mine – so pull back, but he brings his hand up taking hold of the back of my head to pull me back down again kissing me with gentle passion.

It becomes bolder, followed by him pressing his lower half into mine with his tongue licking across my lips – seeking permission to enter – which I soon allow then lifting him up, carry him out of the sitting room up the stairs to the large bedchamber – where the “**Nest**” for him as been prepared.

I lay him down in it, watching as he stares wide eyes at the old fake fur blankets – *that had belonged to him, when we had lived together in the sea house on one of the islands of Greece* – and begins to nuzzle into them, unwittingly – but still intentional – presenting his leather trouser clad butt to me.

This makes me step closer to bed, watching silently as he stills in his nuzzling and turning to face me, keeps his head bowed – not showing me it – then with my hand shaking, reach for his chin.

I manage to cup his chin, tilting it up so he looks at me and resting my forehead against his nuzzle my nose against his, deeply inhaling his scent - a crackling fire in warm hearth, with smoking curl of whisky and mixed herbs – then clamber into the “**Nest**” with him, taking hold of me to pull me over him.

Purring from the both of us, begins to fill the bedchamber – along with tears running down our cheeks of happiness that after such a long time and thanks to Margo Verger, we been reunited together – and laying on my side, kiss him on the lips lightly.

He kisses back, softly and gently with his hands coming up to rest on my chest – where my heart, which thuds against my ribcage lays – and it just how we consummate for now the “**Bond**” taking it slowly like we were Lovers meeting for the first time.

Finding Out One's Mate Sadly Can't Carry No More and Sometimes it Hurts to Feel Emotions

Chapter Summary

Author Note:

Me: (Running through the snow of the Forest) Okay, Hang on....Hannibal, this not funny...Ooff!! (Knocked over by snowball)

Hannibal: That is for a late Chapter. (Smirking at Author)

Me: (Whipping snow out of hair, to glare at him as he gives amused look) Bite me.

Hannibal: Don't tempt me. (Teeth flashing with hint of fang showing)

Me: Oh, Sugar cakes....Sorry, folks got to gooooooo!!(Running off as Hannibal runs after them, closely followed by Will who is holding his side and breathing like he just run a marathon)

Will: (Sees a quad bike near a tree) Hmmm!! Interesting, yes I think will. (Pinches keys and drives off in flurry of snow, while laughter can be heard in the forest, origin unknown of it)

Francis Dolerhyde's P.O.V:

The smell of cooking, makes me lift my head from the mound of the **“Nest”** to sniff the air and crawling out of it onto the floor, I pad through the to the kitchen seeing Jarin, is standing there wearing a simple tank top; white jeans and an apron wrapped around his waist.

I go up to nudging his thigh with my head, making him stop cooking to look down at me with him placing the cooking pot on the back ring then hauls me up to my feet, wrapping his arms around me. I bury my face into the crook of his neck, just feeling glad to be with him after all the time I had been separated from him and yet, I'm afraid to tell him about what had happened to me.

“Is something wrong?” He asks me, voicing deep concern for me when I pull back slightly with my arms loosely around his neck and sighing decide to tell him.

“I...was treated like a...Broodmare...when in the hands of Mason Verger. He tried...multiple times to get me to accept Random **“Alpha's”** to breed me for **“Pups”** or **“Kits”** ...though in his case he wanted the males from me. I...never conceived and so he had me diagnosed by a special Doctor. I've.... Jarin...” I say, stopping when I can't continue my sentence so take a breather to calm myself waiting for my heartrate to settle then finally continue it. “He...by

doing what he did to me.....I've.... become.....**Infertile**...meaning I can't give us...what I wanted for...so such a long time.”

My voice soon breaks, causing me to slide down on the floor, with him holding me tightly in his arms as I start to cry heavily for the chance that has been taken from me – the chance of having a family with him – and begin to tremble at the fact I will never hear; hold or see little one's playing around with the both of us.

“Oh, god!!!?... Oh, god!!!?...Just as I find our other **“Mates”** and that piggish Bastard has...I kill him, I swear to you I will kill him for you with him paying for what he has taken from us.” He hisses, pulling back to look at me with lilac eyes – changed into predatory mode – and gets up, hauling me to my feet.

Yes, Mason Verger...will pay for what has done.

And, I will watch you...Jarin.

I will watch you kill him for me.

*Your **“Great Red Dragon”** ...and Your **“Prime Omega”**.*

I will...watch.

Hannibal's P.O.V:

Will is humming some of the classical music that is playing on the radio in his kitchen, while I prepare us both some breakfast – after some gentle lovemaking upstairs on the sheets of our **“Nest”** and wonder how many little one's would be running around in the future ahead – and looking over to him, begin to dish out the breakfast on two separate plates.

Picking them up, I carry them over to the kitchen island and place his in front of him – noticing he immediately he is eyeing the slices of bacon on my plate, because when an **“Omega”** conceived they tended to favour certain meats to conserve their chance – and before I can stop him, pinches them off my plate it makes me give small **“Hey”** in a joking manner at him and politely slapping his hand to stop him from taking the rest.

“Sorry, I couldn't help it. You were so absorbed in your daydreaming.” He says, making me bend down to kiss his cheek lightly, moving to nuzzle his nose as both smile at it then he playfully tries to nip at mine with his small cute – but when it came to be being in the bed, deadly – fangs as I purr softly at him.

“Alpha purrs” were form of communication between a **“Bonded pair”** and came in different varies of forms to show either Anger; rage; grief or even just pure Happiness at being with one's Mate.

He soon begins to purr as well, making me nuzzle more against his neck – which I travelled down to - inhaling his scent with my eyes fluttering close at it and would have continued my ministrations if hadn't been for his phone ringing loudly on the kitchen counter. This makes me sigh, pulling back to allow him to get off the stool and he picks it up, looking at the screen revealing it is...Jack Crawford.

He answers, listening to the man quietly without him speaking and nodding to something that makes the hairs for some reason on the back of my neck stand up for the first time.

Even though, I myself could compose myself when it came to controlling emotions – the way he had nodded was sending little warning signals in my head like sparklers being lit – it still brought some fear into my system for his safety and that of our unborn **“Pups”** or **“Kits”** growing within him now.

“I’ve got to go, Hannibal. It seems...last night...some murders happened. It...involves someone killing young pregnant **“Omegas”** and mutilating their bodies to point where they can’t be recognised except by the...Claiming bites on their Scent glands.” He says, causing me to immediately grab hold of him by the hips with protection rising upwards within me it causes my **“Alpha”** pheromones to spread out into the air like a deterrent to warn off an almost invisible **“Alpha”** in the room.

“You’re not going. I’m not losing you.....I’m not losing you, like I did...*Mis*...” I begin to say only to stop myself when I nearly say my little Sister’s name – my Sister, who been the only female **“Beta”** in my family – and try to compose myself yet it is too late because he has noticed it and felt it through the **“Bond”** we share.

“Hannibal, if you’re talking about.... I mean if you’re talking about...your Sister – *Mischa* – I.... heard you whimper her name in your sleep.... last night.” He says, shocking me as I feel tears blind my eyes.

Before, I can even stop myself, I start to cry heavily with him, wrapping his arms around me as he walks me backwards to sit on the kitchen stool and pushes my head into his chest – covered by the warm, fluffy white nightgown – as he sifts a hand through my hair to help calm me.

“Haa.... She was the only one, I couldn’t protect...when they came for us. I wasn’t that strong, during my younger days as an **“Alpha”** and so was easily overpowered by the... thugs. They raped her...in front of me, Will and.... forced me to watch it.” I whisper, voice breaking with such emotion it causes me to fully wrap my arms around him to hold him closer to me and breathing in his scent to try to soothe me...which is thankfully.

“Hannibal, look at me...Hannibal, my...Love...look at me, please.” He says, his own voice breaking with words, so lift my head from his chest to look up at him seeing he is also crying with tears running down his cheeks.

“Sorry, I.... was going to tell you.... *Was I going tell you, Will?*.....I miss her, so much....so much.” I weep out, pulling back to bring a shaking hand to my lips and just holding him close to me with my other hand.

I can't stop crying.

It's the first time my emotions are unleashing with such force it hurts to feel it.

It hurts to feel it.

It hurts to feel...***Love*** from him.

Chapter 5

Will Graham's P.O.V:

Alana Bloom is the one raging at me, while I now sit in Jack's office with cup of hot milk to calm my.... own to confess.... fucking nerves at what has transpired this morning with Hannibal in the kitchen, due to the fact I was now "*Knocked up by own Therapist*" her words not mine.

"What the hell were you thinking, Will? He's your Therapist, not.....Were you even thinking?"

"Alana, I was...in **Heat** when I arrived at his office. You can't deny your body's instincts when that happens"

"You were in.....**Heat**?"

The way she says it, makes me lift my head to look up at her from the cup of hot milk and frown at her.....*You make it sound, you didn't know or you just thought I was normal* "**Beta**" like you.....seeing how she is starting to pace back and forth, while the office door opens as Jack, comes in with Hannibal.

My "**Alpha**" and getting up out the chair, go up to him and feel him wrap his arms around me, kissing the top of my forehead as a "**Alpha Purr**" comes from him – that he doesn't even bother to stop – then places hand on my abdomen, making me press more into him, because of the endorphins running through my body then leads me over so we can both sit in the sofa in Jack's office.

He keeps it there, resting it, where either his "**Pups**" or "**Kits**" grow within my womb and turning my face nuzzle into the warmth of his chest, while Jack smiles at the happiness he is seeing him making me feel then a phone ringing interrupts the bliss around us.

Jack, grumbles and getting out his phone answers only to stand up immediately as both me and Hannibal, hear him saying "**Jarin Thorne**" followed by the rest becoming confusing blur of him telling Hannibal to get his car and that he was needed at once at a place called **Muskrat Farm** as there had been incident or more like accident that had occurred.

"Hannibal, just make it back safely." I hear myself saying, whimpering it in a "**Omegan Voice**" as I lift my head up to consider his eyes and he kisses me breathlessly in reply to it, holding me close to him as something wet plips onto my cheeks.

"I will...I will." He whispers back, voice breaking in the process.

Jarin Thorne's P.O.V:

The **"Tattoo"** on my wrist, starts to throb so intensely, it makes me place hand to my wrist to pull back the sleeve of the jumper as Francis, sitting next to me in the van parked nearby to Muskrat Farm.

"Is something wrong?"

Turning my face to look at him, I bring my hand up to cup his cheek and he nuzzles into the palm of it, making me know I must do what I've come to do.

"Stay here and...do not come after me, whatever happens...do you understand me."

He looks at me, with widened eyes and lunges, knocking me over, so I'm on my back and he is straddling me then he kisses me in desperation with soft whimpers escaping him.

I kiss him, back sifting my hand through his hair and try to calm him through the **"Bond"** then he pulls back from me, looking down at me as he rests his forehead against mine.

"Promise, you'll.... come back to me." He whispers, with his Adam's apple bobbing in his throat as he says the words.

"I will."

He pulls back, allowing me to sit up and getting out of the van, pull the hood up as I look at him through the glass then begin to walk towards **Muskrat Farm** with my claws and fangs forming as the first wave of Mason's Henchman appear from House.

I was not going down without a **Fight**.

A Fight to reach the man who had taken everything from me and Francis, who I can feel through the **"Bond"**, making me turn my face to look back at him, saying the words through a *Telepathic message to him.

**Don't worry I'll be alright, Francis. You'll see.*

A Lie to protect my **"Prime Omega"** and the our **"Kits"** or **"Pups"** growing within his womb, that he has no knowledge about just yet.

A Lie to protect them from...being experimented by the evil little man – Mason Verger – who is waiting for me, in the House as he stands by the large window, with his hands crossed over his chest and just watching the interaction below in the large courtyard.

Snarling loudly, I finally release the **Beast** within me under my **Skin** from its **Chains** and lunge into the fray of the Henchman – the answer unclear to anyone could answer me as to whether I will survive or not, remaining unanswered as soon dying screams; gunfire illuminating and the scent of spilled Blood fills the air around me.

You must remember.... I'm just **Last of my Kind**.

I'm the top *Apex Predator* – “*A Prime Alpha*”

I'm doing this for my “*Mates*” – all four of them, along with the “*Pups*” or “*Kits*” yet to come, because I'm just....

.....Underneath all that Skin, I'm just a Beast in the End

THE END FOR NOW

TO BE CONTINUED LATER, WHEN ONE HAS TIME

“When the Storm Cuts You to the Bone, there is Always Shelter in the Arms of the Mates One Cares For”

Chapter Summary:

Previously in the first story, Jarin made his decision to save his Mates and the unborn cubs (Pups or Kits) that would come from both Hannibal’s Omega Will Graham and his own – Francis Dolerhyde.

Due to the Muskrat incident, Jarin is separated from his three main Mates and arrested after taking revenge on Mason Verger for what he had done.

So, begins this story of four lives – Hannibal, Will, Francis and Jarin – becoming intertwined as a new player and players “Prime Hunters” arrive on the *Mah-jong board – who have deep, past connections with Jarin as well as Francis.

Things are going to get bumpy, so strap yourselves in and prepare for a journey into the Wild side. (Wolves howling)

*Is the Chinese version of chess, where the stones are flipped to either show black or white, when moved.

A *Barren Womb becomes No Longer Barren

Chapter Summary

Author's Note: *This refers to Francis becoming infertile in the first fic, when in fact he is bearing in this fic and so womb as the title says becomes what it says.

Jarin Thorne's P.O.V:

"Haaa!!.....Cold....it feels cold haagh!!"

"He's going into shock."

"Status!!?"

"He's losing a lot of blood."

"WHERE ARE THOSE FUCKING MEDICS!!?"

Jack Crawford, shouting those words and people scrambling around me, while I lay slumped against the wall, with blood spreading out around my body – like a small lake, starting to form – then the “Tattoo” starts to intensely throb on my wrist making me grab hold of it, digging my claws into it – pressing down on the certain part that was connected to Hannibal.

An inhuman cry of shock, pain and surprise, soon surges from the “Bond” we share and causing me to spasm, so intensely at it I must grit my teeth to silence the scream that wants to escape from me, with my body spasming in the process.

Side-note: Telepathic messages in italics.

Hannibal's P.O.V:

It's just when I'm closing the car door, that an intense wave of blinding pain causes me suddenly to fall to the snowy ground with muffled thump then it happens, causing me to arch my back and cry out so inhumanely, that it makes someone rush over grabbing hold of me to hold me as it continues.

It is nothing like I ever felt before, causing pain to travel from wrist where I know a “Tattoo” rests and try to ascertain where it is coming from then my eyes widen when I finally manage to locate the person, causing the pain.

"Jarin!!!! What have you've done?!!

"What.....was necessary to survive and get revenge for what Mason Verger did.

He cuts off so suddenly that it makes me try to get up only to gasp shakily at the pain that goes through my arm, where the "Tattoo" rests as I'm helped up then lifting my head up, suddenly stare at the person in front of me.

A "***Prime Omega***" and no doubt Jarin's "***Mate***" as I quickly spread my own pheromones to calm him, because he is panicking at the fact Jarin is not alright and bringing my hand up take hold of the back of his head.

I push it down into my chest, sifting my hand through his hair and smelling the other scent, which tells me he is bearing "Kits" or "Pups" then opening the back-car door, place him inside and he whimpers at me, not wanting me to leave him alone.

I look over to where the ambulance has arrived and watch silently as they bring Jarin, out with a shock blanket wrapped around him and bandages around his waist then I see the handcuffs on his wrists, while Jack brings him over and looking at him, see how his lilac eyes are looking at both of us with concern.

He reaches out for them, bending his head down to quickly scent his mate and whimpers heavily, while I smell what makes me pull him back taking hold of his chin to turn his face to look at me then see the lilac have gold rimmed about it, meaning he was going soon into a full-on "***Berserker Alpha mode***" and bending down his own neck, begin to cover him in my scent to mask his true one.

His eyelids flutter, followed by placing both his hands on my chest and gripping my coat tightly then pulls back from me, pecking my cheek lightly and scenting his "***Mate***" one last time, before he is taken to the S.W.A.T van.

His "***Mate***" makes strange keening noise, that makes me whirl around to soon take hold them and begin to spread my pheromones more again, knowing people will murder me if they find out I have a "***Prime Omega***" in my car, holding them, tightly.

I wait until everyone has moved away and Jack, has gone to his own car then looking down, push Jarin's "***Mate***" fully inside, reaching over for a blanket – fake fur – for emergencies, wrapping it around them as suddenly they lift their head up to look straight into my eyes.

"Alpha, please.... pain...hurts...please." They whimper to me, while I sift a hand through their hair to calm them and begin to purr in certain way, hearing them answering in reply as they begin to nuzzle against me.

"Listen to me. Everything is going to be alright." I whisper to them, helping them lay down and stroke a strand of hair from their forehead to tuck behind a slightly pointed ear.

I must have fallen asleep, because voices taking in quiet whispers make me flutter my eyes open and see two figures – one the “Alpha” Hannibal Lecter and his “Omega” – then when my vision clears, followed by whimpering at being without my own “Alpha” to comfort me.

It causes them both to turn their heads, soon coming over to the bed and taking hold of me, begin to spread both their pheromones to calm me – a distressed “Prime Omega” – feeling them push me down, so all three of us lay on top of the duvet cover and rolling, snuggle into the chest of the “Omega” smelling the scent of their pregnancy then frown, when I feel a shift in my own abdomen.

I slide my hand down, only to gasp suddenly when it becomes more intense and raising up on my hands and knees feel something - not slick, more like when “Omega” is going into labour – wet gush down the inside of my thighs, making me keen heavily followed by both helping me to take my clothes off.

Finally, free from the clothes’ constraints, I get into the proper labour position and begin to whimper, with my hands fisting into the sheets for support as Hannibal Lecter, sifts his hand through my hair to calm me and quietly, tells me to start to push.

I begin to push like he said, feeling the “Pup” or “Kit” that is to come in the world slide down the birth canal and tears blind my vision at the pain of it then give final push, followed by a wailing breaking the guest bedroom’s silence. I cannot turn, so allow for the “*Omega*” -Will, as he was now called – to take hold of my little one and placing a “*Kit*” in front of me, making me bend down my head to quickly lick the umbilical sack off to clean her.

I soon though, must prepare myself for the next one and cry out, keening at the pain of giving birth – because all this I thought couldn’t happen and yet, seemed the Doctor had lied to both me and my Captor Mason Verger – then finally my second child, enters the world.

A “*Pup*” who squeals softly for it’s Mama and is placed near me, so I can lick it clean – imprinting my scent on the “*Pup*” – then gulping heavily, feel a hand on my back massage my shoulders lightly before the next wave begins and soon.... with some effort, finally my last and third child arrives – a “*Beta*”.

Too weak and exhausted, with sweat coating my body in fine droplets and my chest rising and falling, allow for Hannibal to help me lay down on my side where soon hungry mouths soon seek the teats that are near my abdomen.

“*Prime Omegas*” during their prime, were all born with teats for their young and being the last one of my kind, it reminds I’m their legacy because my Father had been the last of the “Old Prime Omegas” to give birth to me, before he was taken away by the “Prime Hunters” – Hunters whose ancestors since up to the 21st century had hunted both “Prime Omegas” and “*Prime Alphas*” because of fear of not understanding them – and I never saw him again.

A damp cloth, touches my forehead patting it lightly and cooling my heated-up body, while I’m made to sit up slightly then a glass of water, is placed against my lips and tilted so I can drink of some it to quench the dryness of my throat.

It is lowered back down, while I lay myself back down and looking at my cubs – three of them – makes weakly, softly smile at them as they snuffle and begin to clamber over each other then turn their gazes to me, making me bend down to nuzzle my nose against theirs while they all try to playfully bite it and look at my third one.

Seeing he has gone back to one of my teats and is suckling softly as I reach a hand over to stroke the back of his head, sifting it through his hair then he let's go, whimpering and taking hold of him, bring him up to hold him close to me, allowing him to nuzzle into the crook of my neck for comfort.

The little girl and the other little boy, settle close by and soon gentle snuffling fills the air as they fall asleep and a fake fur blanket is placed over me, while the duvet cover is sorted into a makeshift "Nest" as a pillow is placed under my head, making me quietly thank both for their help.

After Hannibal and Will, have left I lay my head down on it and finally allow my eyes to slip close as sleep overcomes me, with my cubs close by to me.

Safe in my arms.

Captured by Hunters from One's Past and When the Wolves Come Howling and the Beasts of the Night Bare their Claws to Fight to Save a Mate from Hunters

Chapter Summary

Info:

A Berserker refers to warrior, who at the time become so lost in the battle that the blood-lust of it would cause them to go into uncontrollable rage and were considered highly dangerous if met on the battlefield. In this fic "Berserker Alpha Mode" means when an Alpha after fighting to protect their Mate or Mates, gets so absorb in the blood-lust for revenge it can cause them to become highly protective and, alarming unpredictable in their actions.

Jarin's P.O.V:

I thrash heavily, growling and hissing with my own "Berserker Alpha mode" pheromones spreading in the cell as I come around and shoot my eyes then lunge at the cell bars, making Chilton who has appeared near them, immediately stumble backwards at the wild look of me.

Fangs fully formed, ears pointed and my lilac eyes, with gold rim around them swirling like a storm forming and claws, gripping the bars tightly then pull myself away, smashing the light to douse myself in darkness.

Getting into the far corner and curling against the brick wall to keep my face turned away from him.

"I see. So that what you've been hiding all this time, Jarin." He says, professional curiosity arising and I lunge at the bars, shooting one hand through the bars to swipe at him – ripping only some of his suit sleeve – then begin to snarl so loudly, it frightens all the rest of the inmates of his Hospital in their cells and the orderlies – who don't what to do.

I pull back from the bars, pacing back and forth as he reaches for his phone and calls someone, stepping away to a spot where I can't reach him then begins to talk to the person on the other side, making me flick my ears back and forth to listen to the conversation.

"Yes, I have him here in a cell. So, can you come up, Sir?"

"Is he there? I would like to talk to him."

Chilton, goes to say something only to close his mouth and decide not to argue, whoever it is on the other side then hands me the phone through the bars, making me take it off and bring it

up to my ear.

“Yes.”

“Jarin, is that really the way to address your Mate’s Sire or more accurately your own Father-in – law.”

My body freezes, followed by my blood running cold at the voice of Francis’ Father speaking to me and find my legs, choosing to give out on me as I shoot my hand upwards to grip on of the cell bars tightly, with clenched fist.

“You’re supposed to be dead. We agreed, after I helped you fake it, you would leave us alone and yet your breaking the promise you made.”

“Things have come up. The “Prime Hunters” are back in business and there searching for you and him. Where is Francis, Jarin? Is he safe?”

“Yes, he’s safe. He’s with an old friend – Will Graham – and another new friend. He is protected by them.”

“Jarin, you do know they will kill your cubs, if they discover him and the other two for harbouring him.”

“Yes. I know.....”

I never get to finish the sentence, because suddenly a high-pitched ringing noise fills the whole underground cell area and makes me drop the phone, which clatters to the stone floor then I fall to one side, the last thing I’m send as a telepathic message to them is **“Will, Hannibal, Francis.... Danger.... Prime Hunters”** and sink into an unconscious state, where the hands of the Hunters soon reach forwards to drag me downwards into their trap they have made for me.

Hannibal’s P.O.V:

Jarin’s call – his telepathic message – repeats in my head, re-echoing and echoing as I bound through the snowy forest of tall spindly trees, with branches that look long crooked fingers that could ensnare one in and make you become lost in their tangled maze they have made on all fours because my “Alpha” Beast side has fully come out for the first time and it hungered for the spilling of blood of the Hunters that had taken him.

Will and Francis – after insisting I would need all the help I could get and so had left the cubs, with Alana and her mate Margo Verger – bound alongside me, with snow flicking upwards each time all three of us weave through the trees.

Up ahead the forest and mountain road appears, making me speed up and soon burst out, running alongside the land-rover then in front of it, coming to skidding halt, digging my claws into the dusty back road and it comes to a halt, while the passenger door opens as the Leader of the “Prime Hunters” steps out and comes over, soon circling me as I do the same to him.

“You have spirit, coming after me **“Alpha”** makes me wonder if you’re prepared to die to protect theses worthless, fucking filthy creatures that your friends are.”

“Are you? Because, I’m going to rip out your throat, so your foul mouth is silenced once and for all.”

“Bring it, Hun. I’ve taken on stronger **“Alpha’s”** than you. Especially one, who comes from where you come from.”

A snarl raises, followed by me lunging at them at those words and begin to fight more intensely than I have ever in my whole life, with blood starting to shoot upwards into the air and coating the dusty road with crimson petals as both of us fight to death.

He is strong – like a yearling Oxen – lifting me up or slamming, while yelps of pain come from me, followed by getting back up, with loud growls that echo in the forest around us then we circle each-other again, my chest heaving with each breath I take and sweat coats my body, staining through the woolly red jumper – as I was in my sleep wear – as they hold the gleaming Hunter’s knife, covered with some of my blood.

Francis, Will and now wide-awake Jarin, are in their own fight with the lackeys of the large man and when a yelp comes from my own Mate, I lunge knocking the man over and because were close to large hilly slope, fall over the edge starting to roll down to the river below.

Jarin’s P.O.V:

After dispatching the lackies – bodies ripped to shreds, with entrails laying thrown about and covering either tree branches or the land-rover; blood and body parts scattered about on the road - I scramble down the hill, where I soon I see Hannibal, standing there in the river, with water completing soaking through his sleep wear; blood plipping downwards into it and his chest rising and falling, with each laboured breath he takes over the ripped apart of body of the main “Prime Hunter” and pad up to him.

He turns his face, maroon eyes slitted and indicating he was in a certain state that could be dangerous if I make a wrong move then begin to purr softly, telling him everything is okay and the threat has passed for now, making him slump slightly followed by wading over to me.

He soon buries his face into the crook of my neck, inhaling deeply my scent and bringing his clawed hands up to rest on my chest then allows me to lead him back up the hill, where he moves away to go over to Will, who takes hold of him and hugs him close as they both purr.

Francis, covered in dust; cuts and bruises now healing comes up to me, standing next to me as both of us watch, our two other “*Mates*” holding each-other then turns his gaze to me.

“Look at me, Jarin.” He says, making me turn my face away and look at him then he places his forehead against mine, cupping my cheek nuzzling against me as this makes a purr come from me.

It was time to head home.

Home is where the Soul Is

Francis' P.O.V:

Our three cubs – Timeo, Elena and Hans – when I come into Hannibal's house, are whimpering for their Mama and Papa, while there are in a small nest in the sitting room, making me go over to them then begin to nuzzle my forehead against theirs, spreading in the process calm pheromones and feel them nudge where my teats are, so lifting my black jumper up, allow three hungry mouths to latch onto them.

Jarin comes over to see his cubs, laying down with his stomach exposed to show he is not a threat – because a “Prime Omega” when feeding cubs, could become very protective even if it was their Mate in front of them – then smiles softly at me.

The younger of our cubs, finishes suckling and pads over to him, looking at him then nuzzles against his nose, making Jarin purr softly back with his eyes slipping close then flicks his gaze up to me.

“He has your eyes, Francis.” He says, tickling the cub's stomach and smiling down at Hans, who rolls onto his front then does it again.

It makes me smile at the sight of my third cub, enjoying himself and when he rolls back to me, bend down to nuzzle my nose against his as he playfully tries to nip it.

“You, wee rascal. Come here.” I say, reaching out for him and pull him in for small hug as his brother and sister begin to playfully attack Jarin, who soon begins to laugh and giggle as he plays with them.

It is endearing sight, making me bring one up to wipe a tear away that is starting to form in my eye at the sight and notice Jarin, sees this then he shuffles closer to me, soon kissing me lightly on the lips chastely and pulling back cups my cheek with his hand, making me turn my face to nuzzle into it.

I feel safe. I feel loved.

Will's P.O.V:

Hannibal, still covered in blood from the “*Prime Hunter*” is in the shower, while I lay among the fake furs of the makeshift “*Nest*” naked and napping softly with one hand resting where our “*Pups*” or “*Kits*” are growing within my womb.

The bathroom door opening, makes me lift my head from the mound of fake furs of the **“Nest”** and see he is coming out with large towel wrapped loosely around his waist, while with one hand he dries his hair with smaller towel.

He comes over to bed, reaching out with hand to cup my cheek and strokes my cheekbone lightly then bends down kissing me lightly, only for it to become bolder when I pull him into the **“Nest”** then bending down, pull the towel of his waist with my fangs and chuck it away as it lands on the floor with muffled thump.

He smirks at me, pushing me backwards so I lay on my back and getting over me, pulls away from my lips to nuzzle his nose against mine as this makes me purr softly at it then he lifts me up into his lap, kissing me and sifting one hand through my hair as I feel due to our deep **“Bond”** that he wants to make love to me.

The thought of it, makes me wrap my legs around him as he lays me back down and can already feel slick forming to accommodate for him then he pushes his hips slowly forwards into mine, making me spread my legs wider apart as I bring them up slightly.

He leans over me, placing both hands either side to place on the fake fur sheets and bending his head, where he starts to trail his lips up and down my neck, while I hold one of his arms.

I gasp and moan softly at the him undulating his hips back and forth into mine at such a gentle pace, soon moving my hand to sift through his hair then moves his lips to kiss my jaw and one of his hands caressing my thigh which I have wrapped around his waist.

Sharing Time Together and Enjoying Each-other's Company

Chapter Summary

Me: I'm adding this weirdest thing to this.....though it did get me thinking how is Will, going to feed the unborn "Pup" or "Kit" so...I now add and will put it in the tags as well "Male Lactation" as well as go and get a strong coffee to re-think don't write chapters late at night. It drains you of energy.

Chapter dedicated to KatherineKrawl, because I felt like. If you not read her fic "Mark Me Not Savage"...then go have and read because I did and enjoy re-reading it again and again.

Me: When writing a sex scene in a fic, you got to remember things can happen.....like for example having a pal reading this and they tell you "It is weird if I tell you, I'm slightly aroused by this." because that is what my pal has just told me. Thank you, Muse...for your annoyance.

And to Fan's enjoy and also....I know feel tongue-tied because of this.

Dammit....Hannibal, remind me when you want Horny time in my fics.

Hannibal: Do I have to?

Me: Yes. (Glaring at the man, who just gives a smug smile back)

Francis Dolerhyde's P.O.V:

Hannibal, is in the the kitchen making breakfast for all us, including the little one's and continues to cook, when I come in carrying the mail that had just arrived through the letterbox then place them down on the kitchen island to sort.

There were bills for electricity; some charity stuff; a Invitation to a Fund Raising Event at the Baltimore Opera House and finally a letter from my own Father.

I look at the handwriting, feeling my hands shaking because it had been so long since he had what Jarin had told me been in hiding and opening it, sit down on one of the stools then begin to read it.

Dear Francis, my Son

It's been a long time, I know. I'm glad your safe with your new family.....

I can hear his voice in my head, like he was sitting across from me as he wrote this to me, while I continue to read the three letters has it turns out then folding them, slip them back in the envelope and wipe away the tears that are starting to form in my eyes.

"Hannibal, umm.....were going to be having a visitor, coming around later in the afternoon. I hope you don't mind."

Hannibal, who has finished cooking breakfast and dried his hands off, comes over placing a plate in front of me of what he has cooked then his hand reaches out, cupping my cheek lightly as he strokes my cheekbone with his thumb.

To fully consummate our four-way "**Bond**" between a "**Alpha**" and "**Prime Omega**" it meant I would have to spend one night of my "**Heat**" with him - even though yes, I could become pregnant with a "Pup" or "Kit" it wouldn't happen because my body had already birthed Jarin's litter, so the "**Heat**" would just be one to complete the full on "**Bond**" we all shared.

"Eat, Francis. You'll need your strength and protein to produce more milk for the little one's, who will know doubt be wailing for it when they waken up."

"Their greedy, when I'm with milk in my teats. But Timeo, Hans and Elena are...something I thought I wouldn't be able to have, after you know who." I say, trying not to remember any bad moments which would filter through the "Bond" we all shared.

"That is the past and you don't need to discuss it. Now, eat and don't let it go to waste." Hannibal indicates, while I pick up a fork and begin to eat the protein scramble that has made, agreeing with the fact I did need strength and protein to produce milk for the little one's.

Jarin's P.O.V:

Hans' - the more clingy of our little one's - face is the first thing I see, looking straight at me, when I wake up with slight stretch hearing bones crack in the process as air pops through them then blink at him, followed by seeing Elena and Timeo are waking up as well.

"Hans, come on....I said...Come on...mpfff" I begin to say, only for tiny little hands to wrap around my face and give a muffled surprise when he hugs me in the way he is that he is not letting go of me, even when I try to pry him off gently by the scruff of his neck.

I get up, while Timeo and Elena scamper out and head to the kitchen, so follow him still with little Hans on my face - you could almost say like the facehugger from Alien - then hear Francis, laughing at me when he finally notices what Hannibal is looking at as Will, yawning and with bed hair walks past me.

"Here let me take him." Will says, managing to finally coax Hans from hugging my face tightly in his little hands and allows the little "Pup" to nuzzle against his chest with a purr

coming from immediately.

Elena and Timeo, have managed to clamber up onto Francis' lap, nudging where his teats lay for the daily feed then he lifts the tank -top up, only to wince slightly making me go over to see that their fangs are coming in - tiny one's.

"Teething." I say to him, which makes him sigh softly then talk to them, while Will comes over with little Hans. "Gently, you two. That's it."

Hans, who wants to feed, yips softly up at Will, who places him on his "Mama's" lap then the little one - the youngest of the three - finds a teat, starting to suckle along

with his sister and brother.

Hannibal, soon comes over to watch, slipping his hand around Will's waist and resting it on his abdomen as all of us enjoy the sight of the little one's feeding.

It is quiet and peaceful.

It is spending time together.

Will's P.O.V:

"What is it?"

Hannibal, asks me as I sit on the sofa with him, sipping a cup of hot milk that he has made for me and placing the mug down on the coffee table then turning my face, lean forwards to nuzzle against him, feeling suddenly a shift in my abdomen as the child growing within me moves.

"The little one moved." I reply, making him place his hand to it, where the child shifts again - this time sensing it's Father - and purrs softly at me, nuzzling his nose against my cheek that he is happy for us both.

Turning my face, I nuzzle against him inhaling deeply the scent of my "Alpha" and go to say something to him, when slight twinge goes through my nipples then sitting back, watch as wetness seeps through my jumper.

"It's alright, Will. Your body is getting ready to produce Milk for the little one. Your lactating, so don't panic about." Hannibal says, lifting it up slightly to expose my nipples to him and he air then before I can say "What are you doing?" he bends his head down and takes one into his mouth.

I gasp breathlessly, followed by cradling the back of his head with both my hands as I tilt mine backwards feeling him gently suckle the fine Milk I'm producing to taste it then when he releases the nipple, licks his lips clean like cat that has got the cream.

This action makes me push him back, getting over him and devouring his lips in a breathless kiss - where our tongues entwine inside and outside our mouth's as saliva is either exchanged or trickles down the side of our mouth's - at the sametime he slides his hands down to grip both my ass-cheeks.

I have to pull back to breathe, looking down at him and placing my hands on his shirt unbutton it slowly to reveal the expanse of silvery hair, along with pale, dusky nipples then bending down my head, start to kiss between the hollow close to where his heart lays hearing a soft gasp come from him.

"I want to taste you, Hannibal." I say, huskily kissing my way downwards feeling his muscles twitch under my lips and coming to his trousers, undo them then after pulling his trousers down, slightly along with his boxers and kiss above the fine trail of silvery hair, making him give a slight hitched gasp.

Hannibal's P.O.V:

Afterwards, now in the bedroom on top of the fine silk, I growl in pleasure when he drags his hand down my shoulder - drawing blood with his claws and marking me - then keep on undulating my hips back and forth, sliding in and out of his tight, slick warmth with each thrust as he writhes beneath me.

I get more over him, bringing my hands up to grip the headboard for support and look down at him, watching every expression he makes - the way he gasps and moans softly, with lips parting in the process; the smell of his Scent that is a mixture of honeysuckle and cream and how his sea bluish green eyes look into mine while we "Mate" together - then I grunt heavily, hands immediately clenching down on the headboard which cracks due to the force of my strength as the orgasm hits my system feeling him distantly clench his thighs around my waist and cum heavily within him, filling him with my seed.

"Haaa....Uhhh....I love you....uhhh!!" I grunt out breathlessly, feeling my knot starting to form within his tight, warmth and letting go of the headboard take hold of him, pulling him up into my lap with myself still inside him.

He moans weakly, burying his face into the crook of my neck and wrapping his arms around me as he still trembles through the throes of his own orgasm - which was washing over him, right now like a wave on the shore - then pulls back slightly, still with his arms wrapped around me to rest his forehead against mine.

"Haa....I love you....too. Hmm...I need you again...I just need you again."

He pants out, starting to slip his hips up and down, causing me to lay back down on my back this time then licking my lips to wet them, slide my hands down his sides to hold his hips. I'm

still sensitive because of my knot, yet he wants me again and mewls at me, begging me to say or do something.

"Ride me."

Will's P.O.V:

As soon as Hannibal says those words to me, I place my hands on his chest starting to undulate my hips up and down sliding him in and out of my warm, slick insides then he sends something through our "Bond" making electric sparks sear through the neural pathways in my mind so intensely that I tilt my head backwards with a breathless gasp of his name.

"Oh, oh...Hannibal!!"

I soon succumb to feelings of his Love for me.

Happiness, joy and gladness for the little one growing within me.

Our sweet, little one.

A **"Mama"* and Son, Meet after Years of Seperation from Each-other (Francis Part) and Complications Arise when the Child of One's Mate Chooses to Arrive Early (Will and Hannibal part)

Chapter Summary

*This implies Francis' Prime Omega Father, who gave birth to him.

Sorry, and apologises for late chapter.

Francis Dolerhyde's P.O.V:

Jarin, clasps his fingers in mine to reassure me that everything is going to be alright as both of us sit on the sofa, waiting for my *"Mama"* to come into the sitting room then hear Hannibal, opening the front door saying something and soon hearing footstep's echo on the polished floor.

He soon appears at the doorway, making my heart-beat speed up at the sight of him and when he comes over to me, allow him to pull me to my feet then his Scent - reminding me of cool Summer evening - fills my nostrils, making me whimper softly in his large chest, while he sifts his hand through my hair.

"I've missed you so much." I say, voice breaking with emotion and pull back to look, while he smiles softly down at me.

Will Graham's P.O.V:

Hannibal, after placing the plate of food down in front of me on the kitchen island, wraps his arms around me and kisses me on the cheek as he sits down next to me. This makes me turn my face to nuzzle my nose against his as he brings up the strawberry up to my lips coated with sweetness and biting into it pull back to see stuffed inside is syrup of some kind.

I lick my lips, reaching to take another bite and he leans forward as well, biting into the red flesh then covers my lips with his, sharing it between our gentle kiss and when he pulls back licks some of the juice that has trickled down the side of my lip with his tongue.

After eating the rest with him, I bury my face into his chest, feeling tired and sleepy again because of the pregnancy hormones with him sifting a hand through my hair then an intense wave of contracting pain ripples through my abdomen and makes me place me a hand to it.

He helps me off the kitchen stool, while another contraction goes through me suddenly followed by a gush of - not slick - water because I'm wearing a nightgown to immediately splash onto the kitchen floor then begin to whimper heavily at the intense pain as our child prepares to come out.....early, too early.

"Hannibal, the baby!!!?"

"I know, Will. Keep calm, everything is going to be alright."

Hannibal's P.O.V:

The harsh cries and keening high-pitched wails coming from Will, set my all nerves on edge and find myself gripping my wrist with the tattoo on it so tightly with my claws that blood is slowly dripping onto the polished Hospital floor.

Jarin and Francis, are with me as I watch shakely as my **"Mate"** fists his hand into the Hospital bed sheets each time another contraction hits him then a blood-curdling scream - which echoes in the Hospital room and even the corridor pierces my ears - followed by a site of blood gushing down the inside of his thighs.

"No....No.....No!!!?" I hear myself wailing out, having to be held back by Jarin as I try to reach my **"Mate"** who whimpers for me to be with him and soon hear the words *"Will have to do cesarean section. Ready the equipment."* as I'm pushed out the room by nurses as I try and beg them to let me help.

"Dr. Groyen, please...Hannibal Lecter was surgeon at John Hopkin's Hospital. He's done Cesarean section before."

"Alright. Get some scrubs on, while we prepare him for it, Dr. Lecter."

"Thank you."

My voice is hoarse, while I head into the area to get the scrubs on and splashing my face with cold water look at myself in the mirror then taking a deep breath to calm myself, place the mask on and step back out ready to a surgery I haven't done for while.

"Hush.....it's okay....I'm here, Will."

Stroking a strand of hair from his forehead, I quickly kiss it lightly as he lays on the operating table and he whimpers nuzzling into me slightly then placing the mask back on my mouth, pick up the scalpel as the other nurses and Doctor's watched with bated breath as they wait to get ready.

Jarin, in scrubs along with Francis as well holds Will's hand softly to reassure him we all here for him and he nods in confirmation allowing for the oxygen mask to be placed over his face

then his eyelids flutter shut, the sedative - thankfully not harmful to the little one - acting fast and so, placing the tip of the scalpel against his skin make the incision into his flesh.

The only sound is the heart monitor steadily beeping of three heartbeats - one Will's and the other one of actually two little one's who were soon going to be brought into the real world.

Will's P.O.V:

"Hannibal, how is he?"

*"Recovering. Doctor's said it's miracle....that he managed to carry twins, because there so rare for **"Omega's"** to birth, Jack. I've never been so proud of him."*

"When he's better, keep at home. He'll need all the healing he can get."

"Will you make him go back to Crime Scenes?"

*"No. We found the murderer of those poor pregnant **"Omega's"** murdered himself though by persons/person unknown."*

"That's good to now."

"Goodbye, Hannibal. Remember to send me photos of the little one's so I can show my wife Bella."

"Will do."

Weakly fluttering my eyes, I manage to see the blurry image of Jack leaving the Hospital room and mewl hoarsely at Hannibal, making him turn his face too look at me then my vision fully clears, followed by indicating I need a glass of water as I'm so thirsty.

The sound of water trickling from the glass jug into the glass, fills my ears and managing to sort the pillows so I can sit up against them then he comes back over to me, cradling the back of my head and placing the rim of the glass against my lips.

I drink slowly, savouring the coolness and bringing my hand up to tell him it's enough then remember the little one as it all comes flooding back to me.

"Our....baby....Where is our...little one?"

"Two, Will. You bore two of them."

"Twins!!? .I want to see them, please, Hannibal."

Hannibal, seems to gulp heavily at those words and strokes my cheek gently with the back of knuckles then helps me out of the bed, wrapping a spare nightgown around me - one his own,

freshly laundered - and leads me out of room down the polished white corridor's to another room.

The sight I see makes my heart skip a beat, followed by turning fully around to bury my face into his chest whimpering heavily because of the site of the large Incubator crib, where are two little one's are in then taking a deep breath, pull back and turn to face them.

I walk up to them, Hannibal keeping close to me and feel my "***Omegan***" instincts to nurture them rise within me then both little one's sensing their Mama and Papa, shift in their sleep mewling to be held as Hannibal, helps me pick them both them both up.

They feel so fragile, so tiny in my arms and nuzzling my nose softly against them feel nudge against my chest, implying they need a feed as Hannibal leads me back out the room back to my Hospital room then slipping the nightgown off my shoulders slightly, feel two hungry mouth's - separately - attach to my nipples, which have already began to produce milk starting to suckle quietly.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

Hannibal, who has pulled up a chair in front of me, doesn't say anything at first and wrings his hands slightly then his phone ringing interrupts. He sighs heavily, getting it out of his pocket and answering it, talking in another language to the person on the other end then cuts off, hand trembling in the process.

"I.....have to go. Something's come up in my birthplace and....I can't ignore it. I'm sorry, Will....I really am."

- When Love Tears Apart and Rips Asunder, Feeling Like Ripples When A Stone is Thrown in Pond

Chapter Summary

"When the going gets tough, we just have to get going on with it no matter the hardship." Quote - from my brain.

Jarin's P.O.V:

*"Hannibal, this.....goddammit.....is not the time to leave your **"Mate"** with your newborn children."*

"Jarin, I have no choice. Lady Murasaki, is dying and insists she must talk with me before she passes away. I can't ignore....this."

Every inch of me, entirely is screaming internally to just keep Hannibal here in Baltimore with his family - all of us - as I watch him busy making something to eat - boiling Beef stew with mixed vegs and herbs from his large Japanese themed garden outside - then shuddering slightly, try in vain to stop what is rising within me.

Before I know it, I grabbed hold of him and pulled him away from the cooker - causing him to drop the stirring rod onto the cooker where soon clatters to the floor - then hands trembling, breathe heavily against his neck at the sametime begin to rock my hips into his dry-humping his behind feeling him move one hand to take hold of one's of my thigh's.

He claws upwards, causing me to arch my back with my own hand going to his thigh and claw upwards as well, drawing blood with the sharp tips so it seeks through his fine trousers then his lips are seeking my own, making me kiss him back hungrily and when he turns around in my grip feel my legs give out from underneath me.

Hannibal, manages to grab me before my knees hit the floor and lowers me gently to the floor then moves away to sort the pot, leaving me kneeling there, hanging my head and staring at the my reflection wait for say something.

He deosn't, just begins to serve what he has made onto plates and leaves, carrying them into the dining room then managing to get back up, head over to where he keeps the drinks and take out of bottle of some wine. I place it on the counter, opening it with the corkscrew and pouring two glasses of it then sliding the top of the ring - I'm wearing - revealing the fine powder, I tap some into the wine watching it slowly dissolve into fine mist.

Odourless and colourless, the powder was something that the Army had once used to control **"Alpha's"** to keep them from going into **"Ruts"** and attacking unmated **"Omega's"** who

worked as Aid Workers. It kepted them weak and docile, able to take orders more seriously.

Placing the cover back over the ring, I hear Hannibal coming back into the kitchen and he comes up to me, leaning close to me then places one hand on my hip, massaging circles into it with his other hand picking up the glass of wine - inhaling deeply with his nose, followed by giving a small "*Hmm*" at it and soon takes a sip of it.

"Is...Will, with Francis and the little one's?" I ask him, quietly and he lowers the glass placing it back on the counter.

"Are you hungry? You poured yourself some wine and yet,....not drunk it."

I look at the other wine glass, going to place around the stem only to pull it back and turn fully around to face him then taking his wine glass, place it against my lips and swallow the rest down followed by swaying slightly as it slips out of my fingers to fall to the floor in slow motion.

It shatters to million glass pieces, the tinkling noise loud in the kitchen. He looks down at the spreading wine, running across the polished floor and flicks his maroon eyes to me then steps away from me, getting a cloth to wipe it up.

"I'm....not hungry. " I reply, making him still in getting rid of the wine and he stands up seeing how my eyelids are starting to slide shut because of the strong powder then grabs hold of me, when I slide down onto the floor.

"Jarin, is feeling love for us really this painful? That you would use "*Alpha*" powder the Army once used, so I stay here. It's ineffective, it doesn't work anymore...you should know that."

I can't answer him, how could I when he just said those words feeling him cup both my cheeks as he bends his head down kissing me lightly on the forehead. A single tear forms, trickling down my cheek to plip into the spilled wine followed by more with him helping me up and leading me out, upstairs to what has become mine and Francis' bedroom.

"I feel....like...I'm being ripped apart inside. It hurts, Hannibal....it hurts."

"I know....I know."

Francis Dolerhyde's P.O.V:

Something is wrong, when I step into the shared bedroom - after putting the little one's to bed - and go up to Jarin, who is standing at the large windows with his arms crossed over his chest. I reach up placing my hand on his shoulder and he turns his face to look at me.

"Tell me. Don't hide it from me, Jarin." I say, making him turn fully around and cups my cheek, followed by pushing me backwards, peeling off my clothes to drop onto the floor.

He clambers onto the bed, getting over me and placing his hands either side of my head then moves to lay beside me, placing one hand over my chest then taking hold of the large winter blanket place it over the both of us to keep warm.

His face buries into my the crook of my neck, followed by wet tears starting to run down it and bringing one hand up sift it through his hair as I roll to face him then place my arm around his trembling body to hold him close to me.

Will's P.O.V:

"Do you know when you'll be back?"

Hannibal, who is packing his overnight bags and lifts his head to look at me, standing near the window as I gently place the little one's in the large cot. Both Lusheeta and Ashikuri mewl up at me, making me bend down to nuzzle my nose against their's spreading my scent to calm them then both settling down and bringing the blanket up around them kiss their foreheads, smiling softly when gentle snuffling comes from them.

His arms wrap around me from behind, holding me close to him and yet, something through the "**Bond**" we share tells me that something is wrong making me lead him away over to the bed starting to peel of his clothes - while moving the overnight travelling bag to place it on the floor - then he does the same to me, folding them and placing them in a clothes basket near the large king size bed.

Pulling back the cover of the bed, I slip underneath them and wait for him to join me, calling to him softly to calm and soothe him then the bed dips under his weight, followed by snuggling close to me and bringing the duvet cover up around us both.

I wonder if I should tell him, about our third child growing within me.

It might just keep him here.

It might stop him from going.

EPILOGUE

Chapter Summary

Last chapter, folks. It ain't the end though. I have a surprise in store for this collection.

EPILOGUE

Location – Wolftrap, Virginia – Mid-Morning

Will's P.O.V:

“Look, Hannibal....I’m not ohappy with this either than you are. I want you to stay here with me and your family. Especially with me needing to tell you something important.”

Hannibal, busy placing the dead body of the **“Prime Hunter”** after sawing it in pieces to get it into the black bin liner and lifts his head to look at me then gets up, stepping close to stand in front of me and goes to say something when suddenly behind him a person – wearing strange garments – comes through the Wood-hut wooden wall splintering the wood.

(TIME SKIP)

“

Did...you just hit him with...a coal shovel!!!?”

“Only thing handy. Will Graham, and this is my Alpha, Hannibal Lecter. What yours, Stranger?”

“You’re going to laugh, when you hear it.”

“I highly doubt it.”

*“Dr. Stephen Strange and this is my **Omega**, Kaecilius.”*

“And your pal, laying there.”

I say, jerking my thumb to other strange man who has stood up and clambered into the hut to soon lay down on sack of black bin liners then shifts, reaching behind his back to pull out a severed arm which causes the strange man with red flowing cape to look at Hannibal Lecter, with a raised eyebrow

“Hmm, well you don’t see that every day. A perfectly severed arm.”

The man Stephen says, as the other strange man, who has come round again I hit once more, effectively knocking him out with the coal shovel again for good this time.

“Now, seeing us how you crashed into here so suddenly. Would you like something to eat?”

“Depends on what it you cook.”

*“**Memeralis.** Spoil the surprise.”*

LE FIN

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